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Title: Crawworth Expedition - Day 7

Author:  
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Still reeling from the loss of Michelle, we made our way over a great gorge, and into a barren region of desolation. Only the water to the west broke the dreary spell of emptiness around us.

After a while, Enas started talking again, something we hadn't done since Xarot's heroics just days ago. I found myself fascinated as he talked at great length about the possible origins of the people in this strange land.

I was just about to interject my own opinions of the land when we came across something that made CrawWorth stop in his tracks. He looked at us each in turn, his eyes wide with surprise and then pointed to the ground in front of his feet. There lay a sword. But not any sword. Xarot's sword. He recognized it by the handle, and gently plucked it up from the dust that lay all around it.

Overwhelmed with pain at the memory I turned and discovered that we were not alone...

Coming up behind us was a lone figure, huge, looming, and watching us intently. I've seen an ogre before, and even a troll, and this beast matched them in size easily. When it was only twenty feet

away we could make out  
it's most odd feature.

The beast had but one  
eye! He carried a small  
tree in his hand, the  
leaves ripped off of one  
end, and as we realized it  
was a weapon he raised  
it above his head and  
rushed forward.

Enas was prepared this  
time, having had time to  
grab his spellbook and  
prepare his reagents as  
we watched the creature  
approach us. His  
incomprehensible words of  
power seemed to fill the  
air around me as a bolt  
of lightning spiraled down  
from above and struck  
the one-eyed beast,  
causing him to shriek in  
pain and surprise. His  
weapon was tossed to the  
side as he fell face first  
into the hard ground.

Smoke rose from his  
body where the lightning  
had struck.

CrawWorth cautiously  
approached it and prodded  
it with his sword. It  
groaned, but made no  
move to get up. We  
hurried on along the path,  
watching over our backs  
as we went....

A few hours later found  
us crossing the waters  
to the mountainous  
regions on a fisherman's  
boat. Snow fell freely  
from the sky, and as the  
cold wind rushed over us,  
we stood silently together  
and mourned for Xarot.  
Somehow that began to  
lift our spirits and we  
traveled on through the  
snowy lands for some  
time before we realized  
that we'd walked in a  
complete circle. Without  
Michelle to guide us we  
had no idea where we  
were or where we were  
headed. Upon seeing us

return, the fisherman, a  
friendly old man named  
Clarwik, offered us  
return passage on his  
ship. We readily agreed.